

THE **Quirt**

Vol. 2 SEPT., 1921 No. 31



The "Goodnight" Dip

25 Cents

- -

Year \$3.00

THE QUIRT

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1921

NO. 31

IF YOU'RE HUNTIN' TROUBLE:

—Q—



ICK UP the first brat you see bawling on the street and then ask every woman you meet if she belongs to it.

—Q—

Waddle off the curb like a walrus off an ice hummock, just as the traffic copper turns the semaphore.

—Q—

"Jay" it across the busiest street in the loop district and then do the "Living Statue" stuff when the horns begin to toot.

—Q—

Tell your wife that she'll never be the cook your mother was.

—Q—

Let your mother-in-law "listen in" when you're making a date with the blond stenographer.

—Q—

Pick out a convenient corner and then pass remarks about every pair of legs you get a glimpse of as their owner gets on or off a street car. She may have a brother or there may be a man in the crowd.

—Q—

Tell every sucker you meet where he can buy the biggest slug of hooch for four bits.

—Q—

There's plenty of other ways, but try these out first.

NEVER TOO OLD

—Q—

DOWN near Atlantic City, state of the kingfisher mosquito, is a popular swimming hole near the outside edge of the Atlantic, called Somers Point.

Being slightly out of the beaten path, the bathers at Somers Point have been used to donning whatever came handy when they wanted to take a dip in the brine. Like the Kaiser's occupation—times have changed.

A coterie of old hawk-nosed females out on a gum-shoe expedition, caught a glimpse or two of several plump forms and the wail went up.

It's dollars to shoe tacks, that the pristine cuckoos didn't have meat enough on their shanks to stuff a weiner-wurst, hence their big noise anent the fatted calves. In spite of their bow-wow, the Mayor decreed that one-piece bathing suits were sufficient unto the hour and the form therein.

You should have heard those spindle-shanked cuckoos clatter their jaw-tackle! They demanded that an official bathing suit "censor" be appointed at once—before another chicken took to the drink.

The owner of a nearby farm was an old codger of three score years and ten. Before any of the local "extremists" had an opportunity to apply for the job, the patriarch started squawking for it.

"Why, golding it mayor" he piped up, "yew've gotter hev sumbody tew see how much uv these yere laigs air showin' 'thout nuthin' on 'em 'ceptin' jist hide. Mayor, I'm jist the man fur th' job. I aim ez how I kin see a purty laig ez fur es a hull lot uv these yere young sprouts. I don't need tew be paid a salery, 'cause I've got a danged good livin' offen my hens'n coaws. Gimme th' job, mayer, gimme th' job. My eye site iz better'n it wuz fifty years ago."

I don't think he has received the appointment, for I haven't heard the noise of a riot from the direction of Somers Point, N. J.

Can you imagine that old antediluvian relic "gobbling" over the rim of his "specs"; squinting his faded eyes 'til they were out of plumb; winding his neck up like a Waterbury watch every time a pair of dimpled knees flashed into his myopic range of vision? Certainly you can't! No one could.

Let us hope the Mayor doesn't appoint the poor old fool to that dangerous position. Why, the old fellow wouldn't last one full day.

The first time he got frisky—and his age and ambition is *prima facie* evidence that he would!—the entire bunch of bathing beauties would land on him and the village officials would have to get a steam shovel to dig the old mutt out of the soft sand.

Seventy years of age and such ambition! Some one please wig-wag the news to the white-haired sap that he's only two jumps ahead of the undertaker as the cards read now.

———Q———
AT THE LION'S CAGE

Boy—"Gee whiz, mister, what 'ud happen if he got out?"

Keeper—"Begorra, Oi'd lose me job!"—*Puck*.

THE QUIRT

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Editor and Publisher

Office of Publication, 420 So. 6th Street

Editorial "Den," 803 31st Ave. North

Minneapolis, Minn.

Three dollars per year in Advance, United States and Canada.
Six Months Sub. same as Yearly—Don't Want 'Em.

Live Newsdealers handle it at 25 cents per Copy. Dead Ones
Can't at Any Price.

Entered as second class matter, April 18, 1920, at the post office
at Minneapolis, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



An irate reader from Rochester, New York, returns a copy of the August issue, in which he or she encloses a paragraph of adjectives because the returned copy had been man-handled in the bindery department until it was worthless and unreadable.

Why he or she failed to sign the complaint, I can't understand. The copy was sold to them in good faith and was purchased on the presumption that it contained 64 consecutive pages. It had 64 pages alright, but they were principally fives, sevens and sixteens. How many more such copies went out, I have no means of knowing, but I will be more than glad to send the purchaser of any faulty copy, a correct one together with postage on the returned copy. Bawl me out after I have been given a chance to make good and have *refused*.—The Editor.

—Q—

Dabbler—"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

Cabbler—"I don't believe in the survival of anybody. I am an undertaker."

THAT ANIMAL—MAN

—Q—



BOY can sit on the top of a six inch handsled for half a day and never whimper, but force him to sit five minutes on a sofa when there's company present, and that same he-child will become hysterical with rage.

—Q—

A man can sit on the sharp edge of a pine board for six hours, talking politics, but put him in a church pew for forty minutes and he twists, wiggles, yawns and finally goes to sleep and snores.

—Q—

The same buckoo will shove his face full of fine cut, let the juice trickle over his chin and tint his shirt front a butternut brown, but let him find a hair in the butter and be howls like a wolf.

—Q—

He drapes himself over the edge of a poker table until the milkman's nocturnal call, drifts home and expects friend wife to meet him with a smile, but if a meal isn't ready when his belt sags, he cusses like a pollparrot and roars like an angry god.

—Q—

Gaped at from all angles, man's a peculiar "critter." He gets hooched and imagines the Standard Oil company is the smallest asset on his list; bets on a losing game; goes broke; fights; lands in jail with both eyes decorated like a ripe egg plant; morals all ravelings and "principle" below par and yet he imagines he's a "Lord of Creation," his wife a maid of all work and his kids paragons of their dad's long-gone "virtues."

—Bliss.

A MEMPHIS MATRIMONIAL MUSS

—Q—

TF. HORNE, a wealthy Arkansas business man, took a little trip to Memphis, Tenn. No, Silas, he didn't go alone. There was an alfalfa-widow—a "pretty divorcee" the newspaper boys pronounced it.

Horne didn't realize the danger of a combination of pretty widow, Southern moonlight and a limousine. The next day after the night before, he went back to his Arkansas business.



A few weeks ago he was pinched and charged with wife desertion. *He didn't know he had one*—at least that's what he said. The former widow deposeth and swears she'll convince him to the contrary before she gets done dragging him through courthouse corridors.

According to her version she and Horne were making as much love as the untrained limousine would stand for and finally Horne got spoofy and wanted to know if she'd take him for better or worse. She says she told him she would take him, not only as per, but right away.

It was a little after midnight, but the widow didn't let a trifle like that deter her. She told Horne to stop at the county clerk's house, which he did, and they hooted and rooted like the home-town gang until they shook the clerk out from between the sheets and ten-spotted him out of the necessary document. .

From there they rambled over to a parson's house. It didn't take the preacher so long to get up—all ministers

I ever knew could hear a thin dime drop on a wool mattress six blocks away—and that one was no exception to the rule.

The early birds were just going over the top of the "worm-line" trenches when the last tug was given the matrimonial knot. Horne and the erstwhile widow engaged a room in a Memphis hostelry and hit the hay.

Horne woke up first. That's why, when the bride pried her eyes open some hours later, she found herself just where she had left off the evening before—a widow.

It took her quite a while to put a stopper on her sob tackle, but eventually she succeeded. She'd been married before, that bird, and she was case-hardened. Instead of making a serial of the sob stuff, she made a bee-line for the sheriff's office.

The Governor of Arkansas is debating whether to turn Horne over to the Tennessee authorities or give him a forty yard start.

Horne admits he sat so close to the widow that her stray tresses got tangled up with his eye-winkers; he even admits taking a peek at "Memphis by moonlight" with one hand on the steering wheel and the other gripped around the widow's slender digits; he even dimly recalls seeing the hotel clerk smiling at him through a screen of cigarette smoke, but when he tries to recall rousting the county clerk out of bed to get a marriage license, his mind gets cramps in it and he "can't remember."

He can recall picking a few strands of hair out of his off eye; he can recollect when a set of wire hairpins slid down inside his wilted collar, but his mind is as empty as a sausage casing when it comes to remembering the marriage ceremony or the hotel room.

And his unremembered bride? O, she says she'll have him or bust a suspender. She's got a youngster (that she can't lose) and she had a monthly alimony check from her

former unfortunate, that she *has* lost; so she swears, gently but firmly, that Arkansas Horne, with his blank mind and fat bank roll belongs to her, by Heck!

Well goodbye, Brother Horne! If a Memphis widow wants you bad enough to run you down through Arkansas cane-brakes, you're just one short hop from the finish line.

—Q—

WADD'L'S

Some people think the only way to preserve their youth is to keep it pickled in hooch.

—Q—

A dentist claimed to have restored the sanity of two patients by extracting their teeth. It developed later that when they received their bill, thy went nutts again.

—Q—

Some people use all the material they have on hand to make fools out of themselves—and it's remarkable, the vast supply of material some of them have on hand.

—Q—

Clothes may make a man, but a suit of working clothes won't make a bum work.

—Q—

Edith—"Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married?"

Ethel—"Too long! He hasn't got a cent left."

—Q—

"Say, pa, I had a fight with Billy Brown today."

"That so? Did you whip him?"

"Sure. You don't suppose I'd be telling you about it if I didn't, do you?"—*The American Boy.*

IF YOU DO—IF YOU DON'T

—Q—



If you say anything good about a man or a woman, the whacker's union at once lays you out for "advertising" the human subject. If you rap him or her, the same old gang crack a few against your dome and denounce you as a "knocker."

So I'm not going to advertise Golightly Morrill, almost without exception, the only sky-pilot I ever met who didn't gag me with his odor of self-anointed sanctity.

Golightly is an author—not of classics, but of red-hot literature. His "Devil in Mexico" raised hell all over the U.S. His "Hawaiian Heathen and Others" brought howls of rage from sanctimonious hypocrites and puritanical pimples. His "Curse of the Caribbeans" made 'em all sit up and paw the air and now the old fellow breaks out with his "Sea Sodoms" and the wail of the banshees is as limpid as the twitter of a pee-wee compared to the roar of the more holy than thou folk.

I haven't had time to read Morrill's "Sea Sodoms" but judging from the rumpus in press room and pulpit I surmise it is somewhat tropical and worth the price asked by its author—\$1.25. If you feel like bawling "Golightly" out or buying his book, a letter addressed to "Golightly" Morrill, People's Church, this city, will reach him—we all know him and the more we know of him the better we like him.

—Q—

"Your case would have been stronger, Mr. McGuire," said the lawyer, "if you had acted only on the defensive. But you struck first. If you had let him strike you first you would have had the law on your side."

"Yes," said McGuire. "Oi'd have had the law on my soide, but Oi'd have had him on me stomach."—*Chicago Daily News*.

TIMES DO CHANGE

Q

REMEMBER the oldfashioned drug store, Pal, where we used to slide in through the back door, squint through the port-hole above the pill manufacturing plant to see if the coast was clear and then:

Remember the little glass "graduate" about the size of one prong of a hair-pin at the bottom and "graduated" outward and upward until if you braced the last drop with the end of your thumb, you could stack a dime's worth in, on and around it?

It's gone, Pal—all gone; drug store, "graduate," the dime's worth and the dime. Instead of the port-hole in the plate glass back-works, there's a reserve supply of eye-lash callipers stacked up like a set of muzzle-loading muskets. Where the plaited wire-grass demijohn used to hide so shyly among the cans of paint and varnish, a cruet of freckle remover stands boldly forth.

Even the single-barreled soda syphon, where the kids used to watch their pennies syphon silently away, has been relegated to the junk-dealer's safety deposit vault. In its place there stands a battery of automatic squirt-guns, flanked on all sides by gaily colored decanters—and not a kick in the whole damsmear. Pal, they've even sunk so low, these modern drug stores that they actually peddle predigested soothin' sirups and a lacteal powder that never got close enough to a bovine dairy to hear a calf beller for its maternal "Maw."

Instead of the fat glass hogsheads, that in our day decorated the entire front, they have installed a set of "drawing rooms." That is they use the window display room for drawing suckers to the squirt-gun battery department, where they jolt your tank with a shot of woodtick

annihilator, after and for which they punch you in the pocketbook for a war tax, plus.

In one window they have inserted a blond guinea dolled out in a ten-dollar-a-yard dress. She wears eighteen cents worth at a time and in public. It is her mission in the drug-store window to demonstrate to the few sane women just out of captivity, how painless it is to operate a pearl-handled stump-puller on one eye-brow at a time. Her native supply was exhausted at 11:01 and at 12 flat, she was demonstrating how to force a No. 7 calf into a No. 0 silk hose. Just before curfew, she was advertising the advantages of a marcel running iron on a mop of henna'd wool.

In the window where the bottle of blue water used to loaf, an athletic young man was illustrating how easily a set of rawhide garters would control a husky calf. I quit. It was time to go home anyway and the memories of real honest-to-God drug store days gimme the blues. Pal, times shore do change!

—Q—

From a speech by the Lord Mayor of Dublin: "That would be a crying evil, to leave the poor people in the city without milk. It would be a wise thing if the Corporation would take the bull by the horns and deal with the matter."

—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

—Q—

"Oh, all women are alike."

"Then why should any man commit bigamy?"—*Life*.

CREPE HANGERS

—Q—



UST about the time the masculine world gets its necktie adjusted and the cuspidor within easy range, along comes some pie-bald jackass with a fresh theory and bingo!

Some scientific scissor-bill has predicted that with another decade, the Marconi system will be so thoroughly perfected that it will be possible to transmit a message to any one at any place and at any hour. All that will be necessary is to press a button, whisper the "want ad" signal into a hole in the wall, throw the switch and hang onto the handle-bars—the Marconi perambulator does the balance of the mischief.

'Sposing this new fangled contraption had been available when Jim Stillman was shimmying around the Atlantic sea coast with Mrs. Leeds, and Frau Fifi had bought one at a bargain sale! What would have happened to Jimmy?

Why, Fifi would have tilted her French heels against the bathtub and pressed the button. The buzzer would have hit on all six—Fifi would have given the switch a turn to the right and twittered into the transmitter:

"James, James, what are you doing?"

It wouldn't make any difference whether "James" had a pitcher of ice water in his hands or Flo's hennaed topknot on his shoulder, the results would be the same: James would dislocate his vertebra trying to jerk loose. He would look as foolish as a kid caught sucking eggs. And the devil of it would be, *he couldn't talk back!*

Or, twist it around. Suppose this flip Marconi system had been within reach of the American public and publishers during the reign of Czar Burleson. If there had been a hundred and nine million machines in the U. S. A., there would have been a million, nine hundred thousand anxious

Yankees waiting their turn to touch off *their* verbal fire-cracker (the balance of the 10 million were pie-eaters who daren't chirp).

It's tough to contemplate the future—tough to think what will happen to the old "Pappy guys" when they sneak away from "Grandma" for a quiet stroll with a dimpled chicken.

Just about the time the old runt gets mushy, Grandma will wake from her afternoon nap, touch the button, trip the switch and squawk:

"Pappy! Pappy! Ye consarned ole reprobate, where be ye? Cum right here this minit. Juhear me—cum right straight here!"

If you think that old rooster's spirits aren't going to fall to the bottom of the glass, you've another guess coming. He's going to Marathon it for home base (and cracked soprano) without even remembering his "rheumaticks."

Fact is, fellows, you won't have a chance in the world. Every female from your mother's aunt to the girl you bought the chocolate sundae for last summer, will have your number—when this wireless "page 'em" machine gets oiled up and runnin'.

Fortunate for we old rascals, this new contraption won't be ready for use until we'll be so dodgasted deaf that we couldn't hear Gabe's fish-horn if it were tooted across our shoulder and so infirm we couldn't stand at "attention" if the Heavenly Host marched by—but it's shore going to raise hell with the coming generations!

SHIP US THE MEDAL!

—Q—



THE states may lay claim to their native attractions; grow chesty over their Klu Kluxes, cuckoos and cute chickens, but when it comes to owning the world's most philanthropic thief, you've simply *got* to ship the medal to Minnesota.

"Cy" Thompson, of Austin, Minn., like John Brown of antebellum fame, may "lie mouldering in the jail," but he fixed it so his bosses' kale will go marching on. "Cy" may not listen to the twitter of the pee-wee nor hear the discordant rappity-rap of the redheaded woodpecker on his ridge-pole again for many moons, but "Cy's" record will be told in song and fable; by campfire and radiator; long after prohibition and blue Sabbathiers are forgotten.

"Cy" was a self-made-man and he did a pretty good job while he worked at it. He started out in life with the same handicap as the balance of the human race. He was bald-headed, toothless, speechless and utterly devoid of clothes. Later on, he learned to eat pie with a fork, soup with a spoon and soft boiled eggs without getting the ochre all over his white shirt front.

He joined church and sang in the choir, but never put a lead quarter in the collection platter and then extracted forty-five cents in change. "Cy" was almost too good to be true!

He was a firm believer in the theory that opportunity knocks against every man's dome once and once only—that as the biblical patriarchs, Alexander Dowie and numerous other divinely (?) manicured gentlemen had had plans, specifications and blue-prints slipped to them in "visions", so *he*—plain "Cy" Thompson—could have an equal break with the ancient and modern financiers. "Cy" had his

vision. It was more than a vision—it was a beautiful, a realistic, a wonderful *dream*.

It was no one-man dream. "Cy" Thompson was not a one-man man. He was a gorgeous, sensational humanity-loving, philanthropic thief. He stole, not that he might squander his stolen riches upon himself, but that he might make the little village in which he lived, a beauty spot—an oasis in a desert of rancor and strife and stringency.

There was neither "wine, women nor song" in "Cy's" high-financiering—but there *is* a love for the beautiful, the substantial, the lasting, the useful. The philanthropic thief, "Cy" Thompson, with his stolen millions, built beautiful parks and playgrounds; he constructed good roads through a country that considered a dirt road a luxury and a plank bridge, an extravagance. Touched with the magic of his stolen gold, bountiful crops sprang from sterile acres; modern homes for his employees—homes where men were employed at a living wage and treated as human atoms, not as machines—were built where before there were hovels.

Jungles of brushland faded away and in their place appeared playgrounds and parks that echoed with the laughter of children and thrilled with the music of feathered songsters. All these because of the vision that came to a thief!

"Cy" Thompson gave the lie to that ancient edict, "Thou shalt not steal" and because he did, the world is better—a tiny spot of it blossoms as the rose. He wronged no man, he robbed no widow, he despoiled no orphan. He took wealth illegally that had been taken legally; and instead of hoarding it as others would have done, "Cy" Thompson *used it to brighten the drab, humdrum life of his home-town folk.*

"Cy" Thompson, you big-hearted, generous, humanity-loving thief. though I cannot approve of your method, I tip

my ancient Stetson to your glorious nerve. We need a hundred more just like you, in this state alone. The world needs a million. We have an over-supply of miserly brigands and a vast dearth of financial Dick Turpins.

I had rather be a "Cy" Thompson, a thief and in jail than to be the grasping, penurious president of a great "Trust" company and a free man. I had rather be a philanthropic thief with the knowledge in my heart that by my skill, illegal though it were, I had been able to make a tiny spot of earth, brighter; to know that though stolen, the gold I had scattered had brought joy and content and happiness to some, than to be a Rockefeller or a Morgan and know that *my* wealth, *my* luxuries, *my* petty pleasures had been wrought at the price of a million hovels and ten million aching hearts.

—Q—

Sentry (to McDougal, returning from wedding festivities)—"Pass, friend, all's well."

McDougal—"Thank ye, laddie. But ye dinna ken the guid wife or ye would na' be so sure."—*London Opinion*.

—Q—

"You can't tell 'bout a display of authority," said Uncle Eben. "Many a man thinks he's doin' a fine job o' mule-drivin' when de mule is jes' hurryin' to get home on his own account."—*Washington Star*.

—Q—

Young Johnny had been reading the evening paper, and paused contemplatively for a few moments. "Father," said he, "what is 'inertia'?" "Well," replied the father, "if I have it, it's pure laziness, but if your mother has it, it is nervous prostration."—*Tit-Bits*.

NOT AT THE WHEEL!

—Q—

NIX on this jungle stuff of holding your damsel on your lap while your flivver rambles haphazard over the landscape, sonny. Lay off the billandcoo jingle until you get away from the smell of Johndee's motor juice or you're going to get all mussed up with the law.

Herman Greenberg of Hartford, Conn., was oozing along the road with his best girl cuddled down in his lap and his Hainry stuttering along on one lung. Everything in the world looked like a million dollars to Herman—until a copper reached out and laid rude hands upon the steering wheel. Herman was so flustered he tried to jump up, but the steering wheel danged nigh dislocated the front springs of his sweetheart's corset and Herm sat back with a grunt.

When the judge learned of the near-tragedy, he slapped Herm across the wallet with a fifty dollar fine and presented him with eighty-two dollars' worth of judicial advice, to the effect that the lower deck of a stammering Hainry was not a proper location for a spooning bee.

There are a numerous tribe of Herman Greenbergers in this gay old U. S. A.—goofy-jakes who hog the road and monopolize the waist-line of a reckless daughter of Eve. One finds them on every cross road, at every turn and on every highway. Instead of offering them the option of a fine, the law should offer a bounty for them—salted, with rock salt driven through the tube of a goose gun or hammered out with a barrel-stave or a club.

———Q———

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.

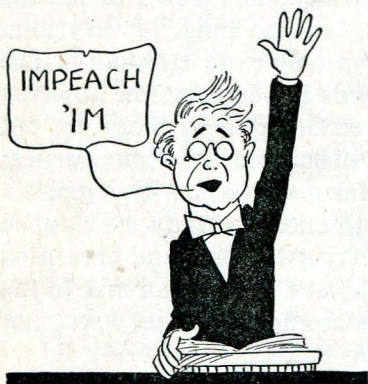
"Yes, sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."—*Answers.*

A SIMON-PURE BLATHERSKITE

—Q—

EVERY few weeks some leather-lunged blatherskite breaks through ropes and bawls his neck raw over an imaginary carbuncle on the public's moral scenery.

The last one to break out fiercely and noisily is the "Rev" John Roach Straton who hammers the pulpit in a New York church. John's pet fuss is the thing that happened in the squared circle at Jersey City on July 2 when a Yankee tapped a "Frog" for a trip to slumberland.



For permitting the fistic affair, the "Rev." Johnny declared to his congregation, the Governor of New Jersey should be impeached. What for, dominie, what for? For permitting two brawny fel-

lows to wallop each other a few cracks in the jaw? For violating no law—not even a biblical one? What's eating you, parson? *Weren't you cut in on the kale?*

What we need in forty of our forty-nine states is forty *Governor Edwards!* And what the church needs in a vast majority of her pulpits is *fewer Johnny Stratons.*

The Reverend John declares the "brutal exhibition" brought out all the "baser elements" in our society. Perhaps, but the only time in my life that I ever had my pockets picked *was at a church social* and the damrascal didn't have the decency to leave me the price of a sandwich! What I wasn't wheedled out of by some sanctimonious scamp, the "pluck 'em" artist cleaned me for. I never felt sore at

him for *he* took a chance. So, it isn't always safe to catalog a crowd by the attraction that created it or the smattering of thieves and rascals that permeate it.

The sky-pilot clan has no "holler" coming because Gov. Edwards permitted Dempsey and Carpentier to settle their question of glove-supremacy. While I couldn't lick my lips, I'd have loved to have seen that pea-soup hold his jaw against Dempsey's mitt until the cuckoo in the ringside clock crowed ten times—in French.

The Rev. Johnathan declares that the elements composing the crowd at the arena are those "whose influences are making for the overthrow of our American ideals and customs."

His wires are badly crossed. The elements that are working for the overthrow of our American ideals, *are the narrow-gauge Sabbathiers of the Straton type*. The Constitution of the United States is a barrier against the union of church and state, guaranteeing as it does, a freedom of thought and worship, *something the church has attempted to shackle since its inception* and were it for such such men as Governor Edwards of New Jersey, the myopic miseries of the Stranton stripe would rule as they once ruled—with faggot and thumb-screw and rack. It is the all too few Governor Edwards' who are keeping "our American ideals" from being trampled under the slippered feet of the ecclesiastical jabber-wocks. Bully for Edwards! May his tribe increase.

SHOOTIN' THE CHUTE

—Q—



WE were assured by our dry (!) friends, that as soon as we had prohibition we'd all start sprouting wings. Since we have enjoyed the blessings of Volsteadism, many of our fellow men and women *have* either sprouted wings, or acquired a choice assortment of blisters from shoveling brimstone into a fiery furnace. In either case, they are gone.

In the old days, it took several slugs of bottled in bond to elevate the biped to the song-bird's realm; now it takes two snorts to turn him into a raving maniac or onto a marble cot in the city morgue. Three minims of moonshine, injected under the front fin of a tadpole and a man-eating shark would leave the ring on a stretcher.

Guy McLaughlin, a naval aviator, in company with three other naval men, started out to see the sights of Santa Monica, California, from the pilot wheel of a limousine. A small cargo of hooch was taken aboard—Guy rang the "full speed ahead" signal and the crew cheered.

The only speed limit was the revolution capacity of the limousine motor. Pedestrians squawked and climbed anything from electric light poles to fire hydrants. Motorists hit for safety behind curbs and in alleys. Mc. and his cronies sped on.

The few Santa Monica citizens who weren't sitting straddle of a cross-arm or hiding in a "hope-it-is" bomb-proof, phoned the police station. A squad of coppers surrounded the territory where Mc.'s roaring juggernaut was supposed to appear next and as it swung 'round a corner with three wheels in the air, a copper dived for the foot board.

He lit all right—and he didn't.

Just as he megaphoned the "shut'ter off" sign to Mc.,

that person's hilarious-hooch buddies yelled for more gas. Mc. "give her the gun" and swung her hard to port. "Port" in that particular instance, happened to be the plate glass front of the La Petite Theatre.

They finally excavated the copper, Mc and his companions out of the mulligan of plate glass and limousine. The copper's hide was cut full of button holes by flying glass; Mc was all mussed up and the hoochites in the rear section looked like particles the cats had dragged in. A junk dealer offered 30 cents for the remains of the gas gondola and the Judge set Mc's bail at five hundred smackers.

With the exception of the policeman, "a very enjoyable time was had by all."

What's it all about? Nothing, Hiram, except that moonshine is hell, whether in Santa Monica or Saint Paul.

—————Q—————

Another Short-Skirt Blunder

"There, little girl, don't cry;

They have broken your doll, I know"—

Then she turned around, and behold, I saw

A woman of sixty or so.

—The Lamb.

—————Q—————

"When she married him she started in to make his home a 'paradise on earth.' "

"Did she succeed?"

"Did she! I'll say she did—she's always 'harping.' "

—————Q—————

"Ah, you don't know how hard it is to lose one's wife."

"Hard! Hard! My dear sir, it is simply impossible."

A BATTLING DENTIST

—Q—



R. BILL PORTER of Willmette grew tired of extracting molars, hog-tying jumping incisor nerves and jamming two pound "cuds" of yellow beeswax into the yawning mouths of toothless wonders, so he loaded himself into a half-broke limousine and a few slugs of undertaker's delight into himself and started out to see the sights—in company with a grass widow.

By the way, I wonder why it is that these meadow-land widows are so much harder boiled than the old familiar kind? They are. You take the tamest woman in the world; let her induce a judge or jury to untie the Gordian knot and the minute the rope slips, she's over the fence and gone. But you let some old vinegar visaged tarantula marry the town tough and fight it out with him for six months—two battles per day, seven days per week—let Abraham gather the male mauler to his broad bosom; the organ plays the soft pedal jazz and the bereaved takes one look at the brazen world through a crack in her flowing crepe, and *that* old bird is tamer than a pet canary.

The guy that's lucky enough to attract her attention toward the front seat of his flivver, first presents a certified check from the village clergy that his intentions are honorable and his Hainry "geared to the road"; and perhaps after all that formality, she steps back into the parlor, takes a look at the former guy's photo and decides that the Commercial Club and the city engineer will have to O. K. her escort's credentials or she takes off her apron.

The divorce recorded by a stone-cutter on a granite slab is the only kind that seems to tame. But at any rate the forcep wielder, after accumulating a glorious skin full of hooch, won a hay-widow for the promenade. When the cops spied them, they were going so slow the speedometer

wouldn't register, which same was so unusual that the cops took 'em in on suspicion. That is that's what they started to do, but the dentist had gulped down at least one slug of heavy weight stuff and when it was all over but the court-plaster, they had Doc blamed near ready for the hospital and then the stout-house; and if Dempsey had handed Carpentier one-half that the Willmette dentist handed the local police force, there'd have been a hearse backed up to a Paris pier instead of a decorated joy-wagon.

Detective Sergeant Lamie reached for Doc's soft, damp collar. He didn't reach far enough. Doc shot a hay-maker for the deek's jaw. It landed. Lamie listened to the birds sing one stanza and then he woke up. His two cronies heard his yelp and rushed to his assistance. Doc met 'em out in the suburbs. It was a peach of a battle. There might have been more smoke at Gettysburg but not more action. Finally the hooch fumes got into Doc's windpipe and he choked himself off. After that it was duck-soup for the deeks. The court-made widow? O, she got the usual line of advertising.

There were six pints of hooch in Doc's car when the fight started. The widow must have made away with the bulk of it, judging by the energy expended by the police force next day to locate—the widow.

FATIMA'S NOSE SPARKLER

—Q—



T'S wonderful how little we Americans care for royalty! It doesn't matter what color the royalty is or whether it is colored or "jest nacheral," but if it lights among us and loosens up on the kale, we begin to get a cramp in our legs, our knees sag, our eyes pop out and we show exactly the same symptoms of imbecility as the Old World wops do when *they* get a glimpse of the blue-blooded leeches.

Old lady Princess Fatima Sultana of Afghanistana, bedamma is one of the latest to gambol through our country. Her chief grip on the rungs of fame lies in the fact that one of her he-ancestors died in bed instead of in his sandals—peacefully, instead of in pieces. In addition to her royal ancestry, Fat-i-ma has a collection of diamonds that would make a Yid merchant's eyes water.

One of them is said to be the largest unpawned white rock in the world, but if the old girl hangs around New York very long, some enterprising "Uncle" with long whiskers and itchy palm will be rolling that big shiner down the gang plank of a transfer truck and Sultana Fatima will be shoving about three pedros down her stocking.

When she first flashed into the view of the newspaper boys in Yankeeland, some of them thought she had a stone-bruise on the starboard side of her aquiline beak, but it wasn't—it was another diamond.

It seems that the royal female didn't have room in her trunk for all her diamonds, so she had a ship-carpenter countersink one of the largest ones in her nose. First he drilled a hole in her proboscis about the size of a grease cap on the front axle of a Hainry and then lined the cavity with black jade. As soon as the jade hardened, he clamped the old girl's dome in a lathe and reamed out a young post-

hole in which he planted the sparkler. Every time the princess sneezes, that side of her nose looks like a flock of aerial fireworks.

She called at the White House not long ago, and almost caused several fatalities among the camera men posted all along the boulevard. She was garbed like a mahogany sunset.

Her headlight (the nose rock) was so bright that several of the boys had to don smoked glasses. She wore a pair of socks of bright Hibernian green and for a few inches above them she wore a band of "native brown." In plain English, her legs were as bare as an Alaskan totem pole from just above her green sock to the Southermost extremity of her alleged skirt.

When the camera men lamped the "native brown" they shed their goggles and prepared for the worst. When it was all over but the haw-haws, the female royalty remarked in her native gibberish that she hoped the cook wouldn't forget to put a dash of chocolate dye in the pancake batter, as she was getting homesick for something with a kick in it—at least that's what the camera crankers thought she said.

When she visited San Francisco, she let a crowd of aristocratic toad-eaters squirm around the depot platform for steen hours waiting for her to show up. When urged by her official interpreter to "hustle up, the American boobs are getting restless" she replied by rubbing her nose diamond with her thumb while she pointed her smallest digit at the front door. The crowd didn't get her meaning for she did it in Afghanistan!

One thing the old girl doesn't like about this country is the absence of camels of the desert type and the superabundance of the kind that smell like a junk pile when they catch fire. She also is some disgusted with the high price

of hamless sandwiches. In her native wilds they don't slice the ham with a safety razor—they slide the whole hog in between two loaves of bread, tie a knot in the squeal so it can't slip and peddle the whole works for a clam-shell dime.

When you go into a restaurant in the Princess Fatima's country, you advance cautiously with a howitzer in each hand. Choosing your seat, you surround yourself with a hair rope so a wayward cobra won't try to crawl down your neck or a "jungle cat" playfully disarrange your napkin. When you are seated as comfortably as your conscience or courage will allow, you give your order. If it isn't out of range and you're a good marksman, you get what you shot at—otherwise you get malaria and the native priest commemorates the occasion by giving a combination hooch party and barbecue in the village square.

Fatima claims that some of her ancestors were on the job when the Pyramids were built, but don't get the idea by that, that Fatima is as ancient as those works of pagan architecture—she's much more modern, as the length of her Paris-designed (and unexecuted) skirtlet and green socks plainly prove.

She's got three of her royal kidlets with her. Says she's going to have 'em educated to eat pie with a fork and soup without a gurgle, if it takes her nose diamond and verdant hosiery to pay the bill.

If Fatima's kale holds out, she will linger in our midst for several months; but if the finances of the Sultana cortege become constipated, she will migrate back to the land of whole-hog sandwiches and ancestral haunts.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR MEN

By REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL, Pastor People's Church,

I. Thou shalt have no other "gods" of Gold, Girls, Gambrinus and Gambling.

II. Thou shalt make no "likeness" of another man's signature on a piece of bank paper.

III. Thou shalt not "swear" at thy mother-in-law, wife's biscuits or hat bill, at thy collar-button, the street-car service, city government or ball-team.

IV. Remember the "Sabbath" to take a bath, put on thy best suit and go to church, instead of spending the whole day with papers, dinner, cigars, autos and vaudeville.

V. "Honor" thy parents as well as thy lady typewriter, trade, college or country.

VI. Thou shalt not "kill" thy friends by smoking cheap cigars, eating onions, thyself by late hours, big dinners and bad booze, or thy family by harsh words and neglect.

VII. Thou shalt not commit "adultery" in morals, milk, food or fabrics.

VIII. Thou shalt not "steal" thy neighbor's wife, partner's money, friend's reputations, the government's tax and duties, wages from thy employees to give in public charities, kisses from the servant girl, or "steal" into home long after thou shouldst have been asleep.

IX. Thou shalt not bear "false witness" of "thy first and only love," in thy testimony in a divorce case, of thy blood, brains and bonds, of the success of thy business, or the time, place and girls thou didst spend the evening with.

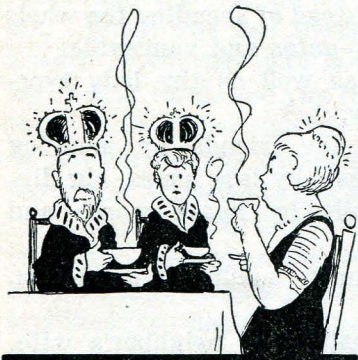
X. Thou shalt not "covet" thy neighbor's graft in politics, his chairmanship of big-noise committees, his mortgaged auto, his headlight diamond, his heavy head of hair, the gray matter beneath it, high hat above it, or anything that is thy neighbor's.

NORMALCY'S RETURN

—Q—

WELL, I feel better. The Queen of England has chatted with Jim Stillman's mother-in-law and diplomatic relations will soon be on the menu even if the domestic flute continues to squeal a little in the New York courts.

For a time it looked as though the bean bucket was hopelessly battered. Thank the gods it has been repaired!



What would have happened to the world and the cock-eyed microbes that inhabit its outer crust, had the British Queen failed to recognize Jim's mother-in-law, will never be known, but it's a cinch something would have busted. Beyond doubt, the Bolsheviks would have overrun Hoboken and the mid-summer drouth melted the icicles on the North Pole.

Begorra, 'twas a close shave!

According to "rush" cabled reports, Ed and Mary were visiting farther away from the Sinn Feiners than ordinary—they were out on the island of Guernsey watching the pedigreed calves eat grass without a fork,—when they be-thought themselves of Jim's mama-in-law, the Mrs. James Brown-Potter.

Ed was dragging the nicotine from a cork-tip when he suddenly jerked his feet down off the doorknob and said:

"Mary, it's lonesome as the devil today. We haven't heard a chirp of gossip since we left the Sinn Feiner neighborhood. Let's send Jim Stillman's mother-in-law a royal

command to come over this afternoon and bring her verbal newspaper along."

"That's just too sweet of you, Eddy dear" chirped Mary. "I'll have the hired man write out the order right away—it's too hot for you to exercise today."

Ed "reckoned that it was some torrid" and the royal order was sent—franked, like a congressman's "extension of remarks" speech and his wild mustard seed in a Hubbard Squash package.

Jim's "in-law" relative hadn't crawled outside a royal sandwich for moons and moons, so when she received the "command" she didn't stop to even pack a handbag. She cut cross lots, 'til she hit the drink and then she took the first boat. She got to Mary's Guernsey kitchen just in time to unpack all the New York news and start a ruction with a big feed of corned beef and cabbage.

Finally, when the conversational situation got a kink in it Mary asked Jim's relative if she had closed her "stage career" and Jim's relation said she had but that she "still recited." Heavy stuff, that tea-table chatter, eh, Hiram?

But I'll bet Ed and Mary got an ear-full of Jim Stillman's past, present and future. The way that old bird run Jim's record out on the main line—hauled it back only to switch it down through the stockyards district, must have been a beautiful exhibition of railroading. A few days after the royal jabber-fest, it rained—the douth was broken and the Poles and Germans in Silesia quit fighting long enough to watch Lloyd George get himself an "Irish stew."

Wonderful what great benefits can come to the multitude of Dubbs through an afternoon's chin-fest between royalty and a banker's mama-in-law!

YOU CAN'T SHOCK 'EM

—Q—



T that, you've got to hand the bouquet to some of the ladies—several of them in fact—when it comes to “startling styles.”

To the majority of we old hombres, it has seemed at numerous stages in our mild careers, that there wasn't much left to startle us with, but occasionally we get a jolt that makes us bat our eyes and wonder what's the next dish in the endless course.

Of course this that I am about to unwind, happened in Paris. Everything happens there except a desire to pay the interest due us on the war debt and a few minor incidentals such as being scared stiff at the bark of a flea-bitten dachshund.

Elaine de la Rose (chances are that at home her Dad addresses her as “Rosy”), the female stimulator for eighty-six per cent of Parisian jaw-wagging, appeared at a typical “fashion-play” with:

Well, the main article of her apparel consisted of two inches of bobbed hair and something that the great moral journals described as an “abbreviated chemise.” Even the half-stewed audience gasped—not that they were shocked, not at all. Brother, any one of that gang of Parisian libertines is so shock-proof they could sleep in the big arm chair at Sing Sing, with all the juice-switches turned “on high.” I tell you, they're immune to anything—except an exhibition of decency!

But this Rosy Elaine:

When she got the cue from the bibulous bunch, she waltzed out from under her male chaperon's wing and headed for the bar. The crowd divided—half of it went to one end of the bar and the balance aggravated the bar-boys further down the rail.

It took two jolts all around before the "committee of the whole" could decide which was the most "stunning"—Rosy's "abbreviated chemise" or her bob-tailed curls. It was finally declared settled on a 50-50 basis.

Prior to the combination of "shorts," Rosy had been in the habit of showing up occasionally with some classy rags and long blond tresses. The night of her "stunning appearance" her head was powdered to resemble a grey angora goat. She had had all except the last two inches of her glorious hair cut off with some blunt instrument—possibly with a dollar-safety razor. The result can better be imagined than described.

Those last two inches had a notion of their own. Every hair pointed in a different direction. In consequence, Rosy's dome looked a whole lot like one of those fibre brooms that male-chambermaids in a livery stable use to swab off the decks.

In lieu of socks, she wore a coat of talcum powder on each leg. One knee was adorned with a hand-painted dimple about the size of a gas pipe gasket and the other was decorated with what part of the audience thought was the left-over portion of a seed-wart.

"It is said" that "Paris prefers a dead white skin to an artificial red, *except* upon the face." Well they never pay much attention to faces in Paris, so it doesn't seem to matter what color of calsomine is used above the collar buttons.

O, of course, once or twice every ten seasons, some floozy drips into Paris with a face that attracts attention, either because of an expression that terrifies the French society editors or because of a pair of lips that look like a slice cut lengthwise of a Mountain-Sweet watermelon, but as a regular diet, Paris and Parisians prefer legs to lips.

OUT AT OMAHA

—Q—

THEY'VE either unearthed a new brand of liar out at Omaha, Nebraska, or else something's crawled into the copper coil and changed the mixture.

Some enterprising (or stewed) person made the "discovery" lately that a hundred and fifty miles away from any Nebraska town, there was "a young man of 33 years who had never seen a railroad, kissed a woman or shaved with a safety razor."

It seems he had been hatched in transit. His parents had migrated to the wilds of Omaha, some thirty odd years ago, bringing the kid along as a mascot. When he (it was a boy alright!) was old enough to turn out to grass, the mother met a traveling man from Boston, who was canvassing the country for suckers and E. Z. Marks., selling removable postholes and petrified nutmegs.

This "new discovery's" mother fell for the nutmeg fable and left the kid and the old man to "root hog, or die." She got a good start and kept it. She never did come back. Maybe she liked the wild, free life of a posthole merchant!

At any rate, this kid grew until he got old enough to raise chin whiskers and they grew. His dad bought him a bull calf and it grew. You can grow anything in Nebraska, except a set of whiskers like Hughes wears on "state days," but you've got to go East for them.

Finally this be-whiskered kid's dad died and the calf's relations lived and the last thing the kid understood was that he was the sole possessor of a cow ranch, a gob of isolation a hundred and fifty miles thick and a crop of face alfalfa so dense that rain never wet it through.

He got lonesome upon the occasion of his thirty-third birthday and loading several steer calves into his saddle pockets he started for Omaha.

Just how it happened that he headed for Omaha instead of North Platte, the journalistic Ananias who sprung the gag, failed to explain, but I presume it was because he didn't have any one to tell him the difference.

Well, the cargo of steers brought the "recluse" enough to pay for getting his whiskers hewed down so's he could feed himself with modern table tools and make the first payment on a necktie. At the close of these ceremonies, the 33-year-old started out to see the sights.

They wear 'em just as short in Omaha as they do right where you are, so sit down and don't jam the aisles!

I'm through. So is that kid. He fell for the first one he met, which proves absolutely that he was a "chip off the old block"—a man-child, just like his daddy was before him.

Just as soon as the Omahans could get the hobbles on him, he broke out with that same old masculine bray, about getting married right away, that every he-burro since Adam's time has hee-hawed into the ears of a jolly old world.

Now, come on fellow and pull another. As long as you've got your he-hermit shaved and married, he'll stand hitched.

—————Q—————

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply.—*Register.*

—————Q—————

Editor—"Have you submitted these poems anywhere else, first?"

Poet—"No, sir."

Editor—"Then, where did you get that black eye?"
—*Judge.*

WELL HELLO, ALICE!

—Q—



ACCORDING to a clipping sent me from a Dallas, Texas, paper, the "director of public welfare," a Miss Alecia Brown of that city, is frightfully fussed up over the sale of "spicy magazines" and she proposes to put a hobble on the sale of every publication that doesn't cuddle up to her puritanical idea of a safe and sane literature.



Exactly how the lady proposes to do this, I, being a dumb old maverick, am unable to figure out. I presume the citizens of Dallas are of a standard of intelligence equal to that of any other city and, such being the case, it goes without debate, that they are plenty capable of selecting their literature without Alecia's assistance or censor-

ship. But at that, I wonder what I've said in former issues to rile the angora of the public morals guardian?

I *have* roweled several moral outlaws, but I can't believe the Texas lady has any acute interest in their past or future.

I *have* rode a few damrascals and "thumbed-up" a half score biped burros, in language, possibly more emphatic than classic, but I've never quoted Shakespeare's smut in these pages nor have I ever advised my readers to cut their moral garments according to the patterns of patriarchs mentioned in the front end of the "book of books."

Of course it is barely possible that when the Infinite blueprint of the cosmos was in the Supreme Draftsman's

hands, provision was made for an abnormal sense of a "superlative discernment" in the Dallas instance—that one additional "Great Intellect" was created in order that it might scent the obscene where there was neither obscene nor the intimation—I say all these things are possible, but not at all probable.

It is barely possible but not at all probable, that the hand of the Great Artist who mixed the rainbow's gorgeous tints; who filled the vault above with twinkling eyes of light and draped across the moon's bold face a veil of silvery sheen, may have flicked an excess portion of wisdom into a certain skull,—but I hope to be pardoned if I doubt it.

Let the lady turn the searching rays of her puritanical lantern into the caverns of charlatan and rouge, but if she throws rocks at the reflectors on *my* spotlight, I'm going to get cross.

—————Q—————

Here Too!

First Officer—"Did you get that fellow's number?"

Second Officer—"No; he was going too fast."

First Officer—"Say, that was a fine-looking dame in the car."

Second Officer—"Wasn't she?"—*Puck*.

—————Q—————

Officer—"And what are you going to do when you get there?"

Emigrant—"Take up land."

Officer—"Much?"

Emigrant—"A shovelful at a time."—*Tit-Bits*.

KEEP AWAY, KEEP AWAY!

—Q—



AY girls, if you ever had any intention of spending your summer vacation down around Sisterville, W. Va., take our advice and keep away, keep away.

Sisterville (we don't know whose sister the ville was named after) is right out on the very edge of the Ohio river—a navigable creek of real water.

One evening not long ago, two young ladies who were spending their vacation in bathing suits and a dilapidated row boat, were fired upon as they paddled the ancient scow up and down and back and forth along the water's edge.

It created quite a hullabaloo and the police were sent for. It didn't take the coppers long to find the shooter. She confessed the first turn of the wheel.

"Sure I shot at 'em," she chirped with a smile. "I didn't try to bump them off the first time, but if they ever get fresh along this shore-line again, I'm goin' to crawl down finer in those rifle sights and there'll be bouquets in their drawing rooms that they won't see. Get me?"

The officers admitted they did and then queried why all the mad desire to massacre?

"Well", replied the shooter, "you see it's this way:"

"Some time ago I saw these ducklings fluttering around our place and the next morning we didn't have as many chickens as usual. Then they got to rowing up and down in front of the house with nothing on except a few callouses on their hands and a sunburn or two on their backs. Of course they *might* have had on a pair of bathing trunks, but I couldn't see that far down on account of the boat sticking up above the water-line.

"Then last night they pulled the same 'September Morning' stuff the second time in two eves. They would drift along and every time they'd see one of the boys on the bank,

they would toss their bare legs in the air and yell 'yoo-hoo.' Gosh, it made me mad and I took a pot-shot at 'em."

Now, it may have been a desire on the part of the gun-lady to keep the moral-mercury as steady in the tube as possible, that prompted the artillery practice and again it may have been a bit of jealousy. That no credit is due the Sisterville police for sleuthing out the sniper is evident from the fact that the offending "bare-legs" were feminine.

No man would have tried to shoot them full of bird-shot—he would have found a way to get in that boat, no matter at what risk or how. The Sisterville police force, being males, understood the psychology of legs and their effect on the masculine and feminine mind. From that vantage point, they easily doped it out that a lady with a shot-gun and a peeve had sent the roar of a goose-gun echoing down the Ohio's grassy shores and four fatted calves scurrying through the brush for home.

O, you Sisterville gun-lady, what a barbarous disposition you have. How could you? I'll bet a "V" your Dad or brother couldn't have pulled the trigger on that scatter-gun—bein' males an dhuman, 'twould have been contrary to their religion.

—Q—

The minister was preaching on little things, how great events from trifling causes spring, and an *obiter dictum* was—"Did you ever reflect that a single man was the father of the human race?" Several members of the congregation subsequently assured each other that they regarded Adam as married.—*Guardian*.

ONLY IN DENVER

—Q—

THAT Western hamlet called "Denver" may not have sagebrush in its streets, perhaps the frisky coyote lopes no more down the "main stem," but even thus, there's a "something" in the ozone out in Denver village that can't be found in another spot on earth.

In their fretful desire to make that portion of the world "safe for democracy", prohibitionists and blue-laws, the Denver coppers tossed a bunch of inebriate she-coons in the bastille. There was nothing seriously wrong with the wenches. They were pickled—just plain and fancy drunk—that's all. They wanted to sing and dance and forget the color-line, the clothes-line and the bread-line. So they loaded up with moonshine—and landed in jail.

Big, black Mollie, with a heart as big as a washtub, a bosom as broad as one arm of Lake Calhoun and a muscle that would have made Muldoon rub his old eyes with envy, didn't like the fixtures in the jail. One set of waterpipes riled her dusky angora. She stepped softly over to the offensive, aqua-maybe-pura tube and lifted it gently from its leaden bed. Another and another.

Her sister wenches chorused their glee and approval. From below came yells and whoops and howls. Denver jail-floors are not waterproof. Mollie's knowledge of jail construction was limited to the interior of one cell at a time. Mollie and her stewed-wench pals, shed their socks and shoes. If officialdom had not arrived when it did, only the gods know what the last "shed" would have been.

The waterpipes roared like a coterie of Niagara Falls. One pipe shot its contents at the ceiling, another roared its way through the steel-barred door, another shot straight down and geysered up and out in every direction. Through the roar and water, Mollie and her dusky companions

rollicked and splashed like a drove of ebony walruses. Below, the male prisoners cursed and ducked and dodged as myriad rivulets spurted and dribbled down their necks. It was none too soon that the official with the hydrant key appeared upon the scene, otherwise the tier wherein the dusky mermaids splashed and frolicked, would have been one big bathroom—the tier below filled with drenched, half-drowned maniacs.

No other city than Denver contains an ebony-hued female Samson. In no other city than Denver (unless it be this puritanical burg) would dusky drunks be juggled late Saturday afternoon. Denver may have no sagebrush on her boulevards; there may be no coyotes loping down her “main stem;” but, there’s something in the air, you can’t feel it anywhere, except in Denver.

—Q—

Ladies, Try This

Two ladies on the other side of the Border were holding a stairhead confab one morning on the troubles of life, and husbands in particular.

“I dinna wonder at some pair wives having to help themselves out of their husbands’ trouser-pockets,” remarked the one.

“I canna say I like them underhand ways myself,” responded the second matron. “I jist turn ma man’s breeches doonside up and help masel’ off the carpet.”—*Tit-Bits*.

—Q—

A six-weeks-old-calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl.

“Tell me,” she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, “does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?”

—*Harper’s*.

SMALL 'TATERS

—Q—

DOES your wife pilfer your pockets? Yes. Then have her pinched. According to the strict letter of the law, the lady has no more right to ransack your "britches" while you are snoring like a steam calliope, than she would have to frisk a neighbor's chicken coop. A River Head, Long Island woman grew weary of pleading for an oc-

casional dime, so she frisked the old man's trousers one night while he slept.



The presumption is that he had made a winning and the old girl hopped to it while the opportunity offered. At any rate he evoked the strong arm of the law and friend wife landed in the hooch-gow. Disregarding the law's stern demand, the judge before whom the case was

tried dismissed the culprit—and started a jaw-fest among the intellectuals.

Dr. John Thomas of Columbus, Ohio, whose chief claim to fame lies in the fact that he officiated as prison physician at the Ohio penitentiary at the time one of America's greatest writers of wit, pathos and prose, O. Henry, was an inmate, declares that no woman of "high principle and big vision" would rob her husband's pockets even though she starved.

The highfalutin' opinion the genus homo has of its species, is wonderful. The famous physician assumes that the he-race consists principally of wingless saints, when as a matter of fact and of record, the majority of them are fat-

heads and tight-wads and the balance are either easy marks or financial and mental paupers.

In the case of the River Head lady, she admitted she had enough to eat; that the family meal-ticket was never entirely punched out; but because he treated his wife and kids exactly as a prosperous stockman treats his pedigreed quadrupeds, the male-bucko thought his duty done.

If the old woman or one of the youngsters ever went to a movie, the entire family with the exception of the male-burro, started Hooverizing three weeks in advance of the event. A stick of chewing gum meant five bites less of beef-steak—for all except the porker at the table's head. One jit-show, and the family subtracted one spud from the menu for six days. O, the old skunk provided—everything except happiness!

So, when he came home one midnight with a fat roll in his "jeans" the old lady slipped him the deft touch. He only missed a ten-spot, though I hope she got more. He swore out a warrant for her arrest and had her haled into court.

To the judge she told her story. She had taken ten smackers, not for shoes or stockings—not for lingerie or rouge—but for a little window shopping tour in New York. She was just heart-hungry for happiness, that's all. The judge dismissed the case. And out along the Ohio river bobs up a learned physician and babbles that no woman of "high principle and big vision" would stoop to petty pilfering of a penurious hubby's pockets. On second thought, I believe I agree with the M.D. Instead of picking old hide-bound's pockets, she should chloroform him with a piece of lead pipe and then *roll him flat*.

A man who will not go 50-50 with his wife—who makes her plead and beg like a whining medicant for every dime—is small enough to steal the inscriptions off a tombstone.

A "SEAT OF KNOWLEDGE"

—Q—



WHEN a would-be suicide, in a frantic effort to end his life, shoots himself in the left hip, you are at liberty to guess the location of his brains—according to his own deductions.

A Mr. Cohen of San-Francisco, California, and a prominent business man of that village, had a little ruction with his wife and as a result of his peeve, he declared his intention of blowing out his light. Grasping a pocket howitzer firmly in one hand, he fired. When the smoke cleared away, they found Cohen with his left hand clutched so tightly over his left hip pocket that a pinch-bar was necessary to pry him loose.

He limped for a few days and insisted on taking his meals standing but otherwise he didn't die any to mention.

Apparently disgusted at her fond hubby's failure to join the heavenly choir, his wife grew haughty and disconnected her loving attentions.

A few weeks ago she startled the Pacific shore states by bringing an action against "Jackie" Saunders, a film star, in which she charges "Jackie" with swiping the un-platonic love of hubby Cohen.

In her elongated list of charges, Mrs. Cohen alleges that upon one occasion she secured the services of a private detective and invaded the sacred precincts of a "fashionable apartment" during the wee sma' hours, wherein she had reason to believe her pie-card and the screen star would be found. Arriving at the door, so she alleges, she found it placarded:—"Do not disturb until 11 o'clock." The sign came down and Mistress Cohen went in.

She must have been shocked at what she saw, for she declares that all the lady occupant of the room had on was

a sleepy smile, a very thin nightie and an "over it an apron." Well what could she expect?

Did she want the sleepy female to appear with her night-gown *over her apron*? Some folks are "so" finicky about little things!

As a result of that nocturnal visit, Mrs. Cohen has asked for damages to the extent of 50 thousand iron men, though I really think her price is excessive by at least 49 thousand, 9 hundred, 99 dollars and 70 cents. In brief, 30 cents would appear to be about the peak price for the affections of a hombre who'd try to blast his grey matter loose via his left hip.

To be sure, "Jackie" denies the allegation and accusation, and at that, I'm betting she's right, for it's hard to imagine a sane woman kidnapping the affections of a boob who doesn't know where his own brains are located.

Q

A New York scientist who had gained possession, through purchase or capture, of a young lady Orang-Outang 18 years of age, brought her to his Fifth Avenue home. The domestic atmosphere at once became all riled up. The jungle-belle became so much attached to the scientist that whenever his wife planted a pair of red lips against his potato chute, she would rattle the rafters with her roars of protest. As a matter of safety and domestic tranquillity, the imported beauty was transferred to a gilded cage in the Zoo. Funny. And Darwin was looking for the missing link!

GOING, GOING, GONE!

—Q—



NOTHER banker gone to the dump.

Warren C. Spurgin, head mogul of the Michigan Avenue Trust Company, Chicago, has vamoosed, skiddooed, shook himself free of the Chicago atmosphere.

It's "terribul" how the ranks of the genteel banker fraternity are getting so depleted, polluted and fugitived. Jim Stillman fell flat side down. The financiers gasped and started to prop Jim up. No use. There wasn't anything solid enough to hold the top end of the props. They kept slipping and finally the perspiring financiers went back to their small change and said to one another: "To hell with Jim Stillman! Let him flop. The rest of us are smart enough not to get caught." So Jim came down with a splash.

Warren C. stood almost as high in the cash and credit world as Jim. He was a paragon of banker's virtue. Young men were asked to cut their moral ulsters after the Spurgin pattern. The ministers lauded him and advised their flocks to follow his footsteps. Fond mothers of the upper stratum forbade their poodles to bark when Warren's "grand career and noble life" was being discussed. Nursemaids were instructed to wheel their charges over to Warren's neighborhood, so they could fill their lungs with the same kind of screened ozone that Warren used.

Among the small-fry financial men, the fear of Spurgin's wrath was greater than the fear of God's ire. And then came the fall! Spurgin had evaporated into the unknown with at least a million and a half dollars of "the other fellow's" money. He didn't do as "Cy" of Austin did:—he hadn't used a bean for any other purpose than having a rip-roaring time. He had a chicken in each of several expensive apartments. He had a limousine or two for every

chick. He had an appetite for imported hooch that was simply marvelous.

Among his effects, his creditors found a blonde stenographer and a brunette secretary, but they haven't found a single trace of Spurgin. There was a cashier of the feminine gender who had bobbed hair and an assistant lady bell-hop who wore curls. In brief, they have found about every article that a banker isn't supposed to have.

One set of gum-shoes declare they saw him beat it over the line into Mexico. Another gang of heelers swear they heard him barking on a rabbit trail across the Canadian border and the other fifteen or thirty independent associations of imitation Pinkertons have him scattered from Terra del Fuga to the Dead Sea.

His family are "supposed to be near starvation" in or near Detroit, Mich. Well, I place a dollar on the red, that Ma Spurgin and the girls have a sandwich, at least, somewhere in their baggage.

And so the world goes. Another of our clay gods without a pedestal! Another "eminently respectable business man of great integrity and honor" with his reputation all shot to L—a fugitive from justice—a common criminal. Bah!

—Q—

DOING HER BEST

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—*Mercury*.

THE JAZZ BATH

—Q—

WELL, by gorra, it finally lit. Oi've been luki'g f'r ut f'r some toime. 'Tis th' latest thing in Evian, Switzerland—at least it's the last sad news to come shimmying over the cables—the jazz bath.

Society—that section of it that's forever “just dying for excitement”—grew weary of Parisian debaucheries with the same old grind and the same old skinny shanks paraded before the same bleary eyes—and one hot night when the whole gang was there, the shout went up for a jazz bath in the rippling waters of Lake Geneva.

The jagged janes and piflicated Johnnies stormed the orchestra pit and forced the wilted musicians to shoulder their toot-toots and hit the grit for the lake shore.

Sad to relate and almost impossible (!) to believe, the procession of bare-backs was led by a bevy (or covey) of “stage beauties” but there wasn't enough wearing apparel among the entire cavalcade to make a swab for a squirt gun.

Once to the water's edge and the whole caboodle unloaded what few rags they had on and ordered the orchestra leader to “play something sad.”

“Jimmy's Last Night on the Moonshine Trail” was the saddest sonata the Dago band understood so they compromised by throwing overboard all the jazz music they knew.

It hit the gang's funny bone and the result was the ‘jazz bath.’ The festivities were tough enough to shock old chaperones who were supposed to be immune to anything except an earthquake or an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. Some of the pristine ladies were “so scandalized they threatened to leave the resort if the performance were repeated,” so Roscoe, it must have been tougher than a Parisian hooch-fest, and that's goin' some!

The next morning the hotel proprietor had erected on

the lake shore the warning signs:—"shifting sands—bathing dangerous."

Two nights later Evian Hotel proprietors held a consolation meeting—between them they had four guests:

One was a crippled lady; another an old fogey with the gout and the third had a flat wheel (a peg leg). The season ended p.d.q. for the hotel nabobs of Evian. The flock migrated to Paris where the cognac bars are never closed and the moral bars are forever down. The jazz bath will next be heard of from "gay Paree," the city of bare legs, bald heads, bad actors and bank accounts. The city of Apaches, artists, and aristocrats; Paris, where the poor stagger under a war debt and the rich wobble under a tank full of rare wine; Paris, where paupers ply their panhandling profession openly and plutocrats parade their putridity without a blush.

Paris, from whence comes our fashion-plates and pantalette patterns; most of our cosmetics and much of our social effluvium.

—Q—

"It always gives a man confidence," remarked the popular candidate proudly, "to know that a vast body of people are behind him."

"Not if they are coming too fast," murmured the horse-thief judiciously.—*Widow.*

—Q—

MacQuirk—"Yes, sir, my wife always finds something to harp on."

MacShirk—"I hope mine does, too."

MacQuirk—"What makes you say you hope she does?"

MacShirk—"She's dead."—*London Opinion.*

MEBE'S CORK-COSTUME

—Q—



HE old fogies who have been predicting that short skirts would soon "go" are about half right—they are going *up* several inches else disappearing altogether.

The "style-setters" of Paris recently held a "dress parade"—of the entire wardrobe, sans clothes.

Advocates of the "shoe-top skirt" were rudely pushed off the stage and through the ropes. Any proselyter for ankle-length skirts found himself out of luck. The gang simply wouldn't stand for anything that prevented a masculine eye from getting full.

Mebe, the model who is said to have "inspired" the artist Rodin to flights of dauber's-insanity hitherto unknown, was there in all her primordial glory.

Mebe had just assisted in enveloping the contents of eighteen champagne bottles and not being able to digest the corks thereof, she strung them on a string and used them for a "ball dress."

That's every "corking" rag she had on—eighteen champagne stoppers hitched to a twine string!

The balance of her finery consisted of bare hide and a perfumed cigarette.

The press correspondent, in reporting the social event, casually remarked that Mebe "displayed the charms of her perfect figure by *simply* wearing eighteen champagne corks."

Grasp that "simply" stuff, will you, Jerry? Thanks.

I presume that if the lady had been so unfortunate as to lap up only her full quota of sixteen bottles of champagne, some rascally Republican would have accused her of swiping the idea of "16 to 1" from the 1896 Bryanite platform—16 corks to one bare beauty.

But even with the eighteen, Mebe made quite a hit. A lot of old Pappie-guys who were there, insisted that Mebe's cork-costume was the most daring ever assembled together on one string.

It was also the unanimous verdict of the patriarchs that the evening made immor(t)al by Mebe's last word in ball-gowns, was the most rollicking in the history of their sad careers. They also registered a protest against Father Time's continued pressure against their range of vision. They might be "gittin' along in years" physically, but mentally and hopefully, they were students. Most old mutts *are*.

However, there's one consolation:

Champagne-cork costumes will be confined to other countries—a jane who would spring a Mebe outfit on the American public wouldn't get out of jail for at least seventy years; not because of the shock she'd give us, but because the anhydrous prudes would consider possession of the cork-string garment as *prima facie* evidence of a Volstead violation.

—Q—

"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer with chin whiskers, as he stopped the automobile.

"What for?" inquired Mr. Chuggins.

"I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your lights, an' your license, an' your numbers, an' so forth. I know I can get you for somethin'."—*Washington Star*.

———Q———

"Maggie, how was it that I saw a young man talking with you in the kitchen last night?" asked the mistress of her cook.

The girl pondered for a few moments and then answered, "Faith, an' I can't make it out mesilf; you must have looked through the keyhole."—*Harper's*.

RAISIN' BRATS FOR BEAUTY

—Q—

WHENEVER you hear of a committee being appointed to supervise the rearing, feeding and diapering of babies in the poorer quarters of any city, you can gamble your last simoleon that the chairman of that committee is a flat-chested, hawk-nosed, gimlet-eyed old hessian who never reared anything more dimpled than a sawdust "Maria" nor anything more full of fight than a rag "Johnny." I don't know why the Heck, this habit became chronic but it has.

And, by the same token, it's usually a masculine buckoo who is forever advising wives to follow the illustrious example of the prolific Belgian hare. Why the insect-masculine persists in this line of damphoolishness, I wot not.

He's on a par with the old spinster. The pristine dame babbles about brats, how to feed, clothe, paddle and pamper them and the masculine idiot mounts the adjoining pedestal of fools and tells women to hustle up and add a few more human lives to the impending bread-lines.

Both of these jabberwocks gimme a sensation of weariness! Doctor Brettmen, "one of the foremost *beauty* surgeons of Paris" is the latest addition to the ranks of rank fat-heads. "Venus was not a virgin—she must have been the mother of at least two children," the learned burro brayed at a Paris audience not long ago. Perhaps the Parisian medic is better acquainted with old lady Venus than the balance of the present day herd—I don't know, but perhaps Brettmen does, for Venus was considered quite a nifty jane in her day—some thousands of years before the Dempsey-Carpentier rumpus.

Brettmen also exposed another mile of his colossal ignorance by declaring that American mothers leaned the rubber tip of a nursing bottle too often against the puckered

lips of their infants—that they should nurse them in a more substantial manner than through a section of the rubber trust's product—not altogether as a matter of “taste,” but as a matter of *beauty for the mothers!*

Wouldn't you love to have a photo of that pea-soup boob? Think of a Parisian “Frog” giving advice to *American* mothers on how many and how to raise babies, when the birth rate in France is so low they quit enumerating it in their census reports! Why, the birth of anything except poodles is so rare in that country that when a French wife does have a child, the whole dodgasted caboodle of Frenchies for miles around, stage a regular Fourth of July celebration—and two-bits worth of firecrackers is usually enough to celebrate the French birth occasions for six months!

In the first place the French “beauty surgeon” is a beaut of a liar. The beauty of no woman was ever enhanced through wholesale births. If this were not true, we would find our slums and hovels, where kids are bred like chiggers, live like rodents and die like flies, populated with beauties instead of wrinkled, bent and toothless hags. If the French medic's theory were a fact instead of a fallacy, the “belles of society” pages of our Sunday papers would look like a catalog of a zoo promoter, instead of a landscape display “done” in cosmetics.

Possibly it is because Nature shouldered the burden of birth on the ladies, has much to do with the “gents'” pungent advice to raise lots of 'em, plenty of 'em, more of 'em. At any rate when I hear a man—one of those pestiferous he-persons—babbling about how essential it is that women retain and regain their beauty by raising brats, I feel a vast longing surge within me, to kick his slats loose or, lest that be treating him too gently, to help hog-tie him and then turn him over to the tender mercies of half a hundred mothers of sixteen brats each.

JIM ADMITS TO:

—Q—



BEING a perfect gentleman, Jim Stillman tactically admits he had lived with Mrs. Flo Leeds—admitted it when it could no longer be denied. Gosh, you can't help admiring a man for acknowledging the corn—when he's caught with the goods, can you? Hurrah for Jim!

To be sure, James didn't "git religion and confess"; he didn't attend a B.S. tabernacle seance and, right in the middle of the B.S. yowls, grunts, yells and whoops, jump to his feet and hustle for the mourners' bench. No, Jim didn't act like that, being a gentleman—he tipped off his chief counsel at law (the rich always have a "counsel at law"; the rifraff have "attorneys") to toss the napkin in the ring.

The C. S. climbed through the rope with his:

"May it please the Court" stuff and then proceeded to admit that Jimmy had lived with tangle-top Flo at 64 East 86th street, New York City; that he was seen acting as a walking delegate to the male offspring—Jay Leeds—when that youngster was just old enough to stand handling without danger of falling apart; that he was known in that part of the ward as Franklyn Harold Leeds; that he was godfather to a bank account that refused to stay fat and a lot of other self-imposed duties.

That bank account story would read like a chapter out of any man's diary. Jim gave the account a good boost and left with the request that the bank notify him when the red ink began to drip. He hadn't got settled back in his easy chair until the bank sent in the first S.O.S. signal. Jim anted up like a little man. He did it again. His renewal check usually passed the bank's request for additional funds, on the road.

Finally the outfit moved away from the mainland into the wilds of Long Island. There Jim was known as Mister Leeds—so prominently known that he even paid the chauffeur's salary as well as the grocery bill.

Like a lot of love-lorn lizzards, Jim wasn't always as careful and cautious about lollygagging as he doubtless now wishes he had been. The result was, he exhibited his prowess as a lover before the sharp eyes of a Miss Viola Hill, a maid in the "Mr. Leeds" household. Viola cackled with mirth. Now the recackles in an affidavit as lengthy as a long-hand translation of the Books of Moses.

Some day, in the sweet bye and bye, that Stillman record will be decorated with the final signature and the last odor deodorized, at which final ceremony Jim will doubtless "Leed" a different life; Fifi will fi-fi-nd another pay check; Flo will skedaddle for a "chicken on the roof" and even the half-breed, stake out a new trail, and:

The American public draw a deep breath and start watching for another hi-brow scandal.

Q

A house committee of the Texas legislature recently "reported favorably" on an amendment to remove from a drastic prohibition law the clause which made it an offense to *purchase* a slug of hooch or home-brew. Evidently the members of the Texas legislature are gentlemen and believe in paying for their hooch. Quite as evident is their sense of caution:—they don't want to pay for the undertaker's joy and then, if they survive, have to pay the court costs and a fine.

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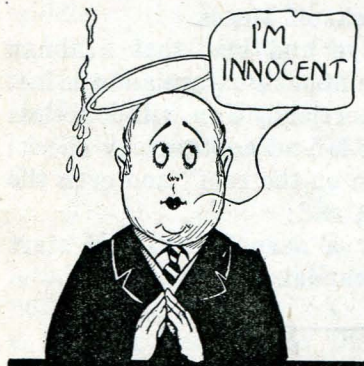
DOC'S "INNOCENT" ALIBI

—Q—

DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS, a noted surgeon of New York, thought he understood the feminine gender to the queen's fastidious taste. He thought he did. He doesn't think so any more.

Doc wrote a book one time—a very learned book in which he exposed more ignorance per chapter than any other known author. As you might guess, Doc barked upon

known author. As you might guess, Doc barked upon "A Surgeon's Philosophy" all through his book and about "Marital Morbidity" in one entire chapter in which he "stroved mightily" to explain why a jealous woman was a nutt.



A few weeks ago his legal and lawful wife almost shook him off the Christmas tree when she filed a divorce action

against him in which she charged him with invading the Canadian wilds in company with another woman.

It seems that Doc got tired of sawing off legs, mining appendixes, probing for buckshot, cauterising warts and prescribing pale pills for pink people and decided to "revert to the primitive." In plain Mohawk, he wanted to visit the Canadian wilds in company with a young charmer. The chicken was of a "temperamental nature" and decidedly an "intellectual prodigy," which same signifies that she was a pippin and could step some.

All plans made, even to the extent of buckling the blinders on friend wife, Doc and his chicken, accompanied by

a pair of guides, hiked and canoed their way into the no-man's land of Northern Canada where they enjoyed each other's intellectual companionship and the half-breed guide's venison steaks for several weeks.

After they had accumulated a husky coat of tan and canoe blisters, they returned to New York—but they had acquired the habit.

In a few days they strayed away, each in a different direction, but headed for a little farm down near Stamford, Conn. That's when Doc broke his pick—when he took his affinity to the Connecticut chicken ranch.

They hadn't been there a week until a village spinster lamped the outfit and proceeded to cackle the news.

What the result will be, only the gods and a few fat fee'd attorneys can guess; but at any rate, Doc has been jolted into a realization of the fact that he don't know any more about the feminine gender than a Piute Indian knows about the Pyramids.

Of course Doc declares he's "innocent of any wrong intent or act"—they all do that. As an alibi it has served the human race since the first troglodyte slid away in the fastness of the jungles to chew the ear of his mate's lady friend while said mate was out skirmishing material for a pot-roast.

He also declares that his female companion is as innocent as he—he'd be a cur to say otherwise. He's innocent—she's innocent! Not much doubt of it. And it's funny that his wife can't understand that they both are—that it was perfectly proper for Doc to sneak away for a few weeks' outing with a "short, dark-haired girl" while she stayed at home to ride night-herd over the brats and keep a sharp eye on the butcher so he couldn't charge her "T bone" prices for horn-steak.

A SHOE-STRING VERTEBRA.

—Q—

IF ANY reader knows where one can secure a cotton string backbone or a half pint of jelly-fish nerve, I wish they would order a quarter's worth sent by cable to Louis Young of Medford, Mass.,—he needs it.

Louie is a very timid bridegroom and having been married only thirty-four years, naturally he is a bit nervous; so when Joe Twooney started to walk away, with Mrs. Louie, Mr. Louie shrunk up 'til a good Samaritan had to pick him out of his own clothes with a hairpin.

Like all dirty domestic linen, all this came out in the laundry provided for such occasions—the divorce court.

After Louie had about lost his grip, his head and all of his sense, he started suit against Twooney alleging ten thousand dollars damage for Twooney's theft of his wife's person and affections.

It seems that Louie and his Frau didn't get along so *very* well after Twooney bobbed up above the matrimonial horizon, and one evening when Mrs. Louie said she was going to a movie with a lady friend, and Louie happened to remember that said lady friend wasn't in the city, he cuddled right up close to the "green-eyed monster" and trailed along behind.

He didn't have to do the "Indian scout" act many blocks, 'til Twooney popped out from behind a lamp post and "greeted Mrs. Louie very affectionately," which doubtless meant that he almost squeezed the daylights out of her, kissed her on the back of her neck and got her false hair all mussed up. All this time, Louie, the shrinker, was crawling further back between his shoulder-blades. Finally the goo-goo seance ended and the two youthful brats of three score years each, toddled off toward the subway.

Louie took one step, then another. His courage oozed

out faster than his legs would ooze forward. Finally he mustered up enough courage to grind his teeth and start for home. He doesn't know to this day whether Twooney took his wife to Atlantic City or to see Charlie Chaplin spill a custard pie.

She came home along about 10:30 that night, but Louie was in a huff. Just to show that he was boss, he ordered the kids to "get outta here" and otherwise disported himself as a courageous man would—not.

Mrs. Louie told him to crawl back in the barrel and get out of her way—she was going down to Boston to visit her sister where she wouldn't have the noise of a roaring Louie continually in her ears and way.

After she'd got far enough from home so she couldn't hear Louie cuss, she called him on the phone and what she didn't tell him didn't amount to much and before he could reverse the current, she banged down the chatter-chute and severed verbal relations with the stuttering mortal on the other end of the wire.

After he had tried getting his own meals with such howling success that he contracted chronic dyspepsia the third time he tried it, Louie hot-footed over to Twooney and wanted that worthy to help him coax his wife back home. Twooney told him where he was welcome to go, but it was hot enough in Boston and Louie decided not to change locations until after Christmas. And then he started the alienation ruction. Maybe you can dope out on which page in the insect catalog Louie belongs, I can't. But take a look around for the cotton vertebra and the jelly-fish nerve—send him two-bits worth of it, anyway. He needs it.

TRIM 'EM!

—Q—

F they go to getting fresh, trim 'em!

That's the matrimonial doctrine of Mrs. Wm. Mack, a San Francisco real estate "operator," which same mild doctrine she vigorously enforced with a horse-whip. Mrs. Mack did the rat-tat-tat stuff against and upon the person of a Mrs. Peggy Faskin, a dashing young grass-widow.

She had warned the wire-grass lady to fight shy of joy-rides with Bill, but the only noticeable result of the caution was other joy-parties. The climax evidently came when Bill and the widow had their "picters took with her a settin' on hiz lap an' he a gigglin' an' a grinnin' like a gol-dinged phool."

Discovering that the widow Peggy was due to arrive at Bill's office at a certain hour, Mrs. Bill arranged her schedule to arrive a few minutes later. She did.

She was well armed for any emergency.

She had a rawhide whip in one hand and a sturdy hand-bag in the other. The moment she clapped her eyes on Peggy, she swung the rawhide. It caught Peggy where her heavy winter furs would have been—only they weren't there. Pegg let a screech out of her neck and dived for cover. There wasn't any.

Mrs. Bill literally and emphatically "showered blows upon her." Fact is, the bystanders declared the rawhide shower came devilish near being a cloud-burst. Finally the whip-arm of Mrs. Bill grew weary and slacked up for an instant. A masculine arm shot out and grasped the lash. Mrs. Bill loosed her grip and grabbed the hand-bag. Before Peggy could get out of the room that genuine leather hand-trunk had connected with her dome about steen times. She

made the door in one leap, the elevator in two, and her escape was effected temporarily.

Mrs. Mack declares that she would have handed Peggy several more swats if Bill hadn't tried to get her wind-pipe between his fingers. That annoyed her and distracted her attention just a little and by the time she had Bill shook loose, Peggy was going down the hall like a tin-canned dog down a back alley.

As a parting shot, Mrs. Mack informed Bill that he needn't bother about coming home any more. Wise to what would sure happen if he did, Bill hasn't made the attempt. Apparently it wouldn't do him any good even though he escaped annihilation, for his wife declares "there isn't any chance for him now."

There's one bright opportunity for Bill, though, he can kick in. His wife has entered suit for divorce and if she gets all the real estate she has listed in her "I want" column, Bill won't have dirt enough left to dig a posthole in.

"If a few more wives would go after the women who wreck their homes, there wouldn't be so many wrecked homes," says Mrs. Bill. Well, if the "few more wives" go after the vampire clan with the same energy and tools as Mrs. Bill used, the hand-bag manufacturers will have to put on extra shifts—Mrs. B. simply battered the whey out of the one she used as a black-jack.

Maybe she's right at that—maybe. Anyway I hain't goin' tu take no chances—safety furst!"

—Q—

I got this cup for running.

Whoja beat?

The owner and six policemen.—*Lampoon.*

A LIGHT OCCUPATION



TAKE it to the Lord in Prayer."

Now wait a minute before you explode. I'm not tryin' to start a religious argument—I'm simply giving you the outline of a peculiar state of affairs that exists among a religious sect up in the jungles of New York state, near Monticello.

There's one thing about the Bible that I always admired, loved and approved of:

You can start any sort of a religion you want and somewhere between Genesis and Revelation you will find a chapter that fits your case.

The "Church of Holiness" founders struck pay dirt the first time they touched off a "shot." They are, however, pretty much the same as the rest of us—only that they have more picturesque cuss words than some of we old, hard-boiled villains.

One of the peculiar and inconvenient tenets of their faith is that if a brother or an outsider takes a notion to elope with the wife of a deacon, a layman or even the parson himself, every one interested must say, "It's jake with me, brother; take'r and I'll get me a new one." This rule works both ways. No fuss, no fight, no attorneys and no divorce court action. Nothing but this "so long, old timer; I wish you luck" stuff.

Brother Earl Vernoy discovered that he loved Mrs. Clark Durea better than he did the one he had on hand. Now it happened that Sister Durea was the wife of Parson Durea. That cut no ice and spread no mustard in the case. Vernoy simply walked over to Parson Durea's house—told his affinity to get herself and the kids ready while he went home and changed his shirt.

By the time he had got back with the clean burlap, the news had spread all over the neighborhood. The parson

was out pulling wild buckwheat out of his parsnips when he was handed the news. He smiled quizzically, spat languidly at a tumble-bug and drawled: "Wal, sech bein' th' circumstance, I reckon I'd better git in an' help Mary pack up, 'cause it won't take Earl long tu change hiz shirt an' 'twouldn't be jest right tu keep him a waitin'."

Over at Vernoy's home, his wife smiled a bit grimly as she hunted for her eloping hubby's brass collar button. She knew what was going to leave home!

When a neighbor timidly asked what she thought of the new arrangement, Mrs. Vernoy replied:

"If they're happy, I ought to be. I ain't got no real regrets that I kin recall an' I reckon Parson Durea ain't got none neither. Fer nigh onto two years them two uster go over tu Parson Durea's house after meetin' 'an' set there an' make love an' visit 'til after midnight. Why, landsakes, thet woman wud even git a midnight supper fer Earl an' her an' then they'd leave th' dirty dishes fer th' parson tu wash up afore he cud git breakfast! Maybe her an' Earl'll be happy, but—" and she stared thoughtfully into the distance for a moment. Turning with a whimsical smile she finished, "I'm 21 an' that woman Earl jest now run away with is 40 ef she's a day."

When asked what he intended to do about the theft of his wife's affection, herself and two children, the mild-eyed old fellow just smiled and said: "Take it to the Lord in Prayer."

Now that line of satisfaction might suit a "Church of Holiness" parson, but I know one old disciple of hard-knocks who would have opened the prayer with both barrels of a 10-gauge; and instead of Brother Vernoy going through the front gate holding hands with another man's wife, he'd have gone through the gate with both hands pressed against his water-flask pockets and yellin' so loud that even the deaf angels could have heard his voice without using an ear trumpet.

NO PEEKS, NO JURIES.



SEATTLE will soon be known as the "jurorless city" if present plans and precautions are enforced.

Since the first jury box was filled with males, up 'til the present time, the only sport the jurors had or expected, was watching the collection of silk hosiery, cotton stockings and lace-covered legs that occasionally dangled over the edge of the witness chair. Seattle judges plan to remove that time-honored and manly sport.

It seems that Seattle jurors have been paying more attention to the varied size, shape and degrees of feminine underpinning than they have to the evidence from which they were supposed to sort out enough to hang a man or, if he was worthless enough, send him to congress.

By the time both sides of a case where the majority of witnesses were feminine, would finish and the judge would wake up enough to tell the effect of his dream to the jury, the "twelve men and true" would be so absent-minded they couldn't take oath whether it was George Washington or Oom Paul Kruger who crossed the Delaware the time he drove the Kaffirs out of Kalamazoo.

They would file themselves away in a specially prepared room where the cuspidors were screwed to the floor and the chairs were fixed to fold up so fast they couldn't be used as clubs and there, with the door locked and guarded on the outside they would begin to "weigh well" the evidence along lines something like these:

Foreman: "Who's got a box of snoos? Gosh, Bill, did you pipe that last pair of legs? I don't think we ought to be too harsh on the poor devil of a prisoner. What was it he done, anyway? Yes, yes, I know, but stickin' a feller up ain't much and besides—come to think of it, gentlemen, I believe that jane with the bad eye—the one that had her socks rolled down, had the swellest dimple on her left knee that I ever piped. You're a liar. It was on her left knee. Guess I can see—guess I know. O, I'll vote not guilty."

And then the anvil chorus starts. It's knock one pair of shanks and boost another. At midnight the judge sends word that he's going home and if they reach a verdict between that hour and breakfast time, they'll have to pack it in camphorated wool.

The next forenoon they report that they are unable to reach a verdict and ask for further instructions and a phonographic transcript of the evidence. They have forgotten the prisoner's name by this time and they've cast a hundred and thirteen ballots trying to decide whether a fat brunette or a medium-sized blonde had the most symmetrical calves.

At 4:51 P. M. after having "been at outs" since the day before, they decide in favor of the brunette, but just as they start to ring the bell for the key-carrier, one of them who hung out steadfastly for a verdict for the blonde happens to remember what they were sent in there for. Another recalls the accused's name and finally they figure out that he was charged with highway robbery or mayhem, they aren't sure which; but they decide to call it "guilty" and recommend that the court smear on a coat of "mercy."

All this will be changed if present plans don't miscarry. It has been suggested that a high board fence be constructed along three sides of the witness chair, with a slot cut in it just big enough for a lady witness to talk through. This slot will be on what the electric light companies call the "Denver plan"—it will slide up and down so as to take care of the short and elongated witnesses; but at no time will the Southern edge of the wicket extend lower than the front platform of the big high chair. Seattle jurors will see no peek-a-boo hose, no cotton stockings, no rolled down socks and least of all and less than that, they will get a peep of no more flimsy lace fretwork on dainty lingerie carelessly exposed.

Wherefore, I opine, Seattle will soon be known as the jurorless city and if the brutal plan is allowed to spread, there will be no more masculine juries. Gentlemen, you can't rob a he-jury of its time-honored pastime, and get away with it.

SIC 'EM, TIGE!

IF YOU can't lick 'em, then eat 'em. In other words pull the Airedale role in case your biceps aren't geared high enough to lay your antagonist by the heels.

Mrs. Emma Seymour and Mrs. Lucille Arsenaud of Chicago met in the hall. There was a slight difference of opinion and they met in "molar combat." No, I didn't mean mortal combat—I meant it just as it is and was.

Mrs. Emma thought she could See-more of Lucille than she could wallop so she started biting off chunks nearest to where Lucille had her hands fastened in Emma's hair. Lucille let out a yelp that could be heard away over on Clarke street. See-more saw another place to bite and she bit and Lucille tapped another bottle of squawks.

By that time it had dawned upon Lucille that she had teeth of her own and she set 'em to work. Emm started chawing on a fresh spot and Lucille hung around the same place in Em's neck.

When the coppers finally got there, there were more mysterious hieroglyphics incised in Seymour's neck and shoulder than there is in the vicinity of the Pyramids, Lucille's jugular section was festooned with plain and fancy tooth-work and the outside edge of her collar bone looked like the rim of an apple pie after the cook had put the thumb border on the raw cider wrapper.

When the judge saw them next morning he cocked one eye at the docket—ran his finger down the page to where it read "assault" and then he stopped.

"There must be some mistake about this. These women didn't fight—they *chewed*! Now sign up a bond and be quick about it. And let me tell you right here that if you ever come up before me again, I'll have your teeth pulled." They haven't been "up" since.

